we were two dayes old at ſea, a Pirat of very warlike appoint-
ment gave us chaſe. Finding our ſelves too ſlow of ſaile, we put on
a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: in the in-
ſtant they got cleere of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner.
They have dealt with me like theeves of mercy, but they knew
what they did; I am to do a turne for them. Let the King have the
Letters I have ſent, and repaire thou to me with as much ſpeed as
thou wouldſt flye death. I have words to ſpeake in thine eare will
make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the
matter, theſe good-fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Roſen-
craus* and *Guyldenſterne* hold their courſe for *England*, of them I
have much to tell thee. Farewell.

So that thou knoweſt thine,
Hamlet.

Hora. Come, I will make you way for theſe your Letters,
And doe't the ſpeedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeale,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father ſlaine
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceed not againſt theſe feates
So criminall and capitall in nature,
As by your ſafety, greatneſſe, wiſdome, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up.

King. O for two ſpeciall reaſons,
Which may to you perhaps ſeem much unſinnow'd,
But yet to me tha're ſtrong: the Queen his mother
Lives almoſt by his lookes, and for my ſelfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is ſo conclive to my life and ſoule,
That as the ſtarre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her: the other motive
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,

Who

Who dipping all his faults
Worke like the Spring that
Convert his gyves to graces
Too ſlightly timbered for ſ
Would have reverted to m
But not where I have aim'd
Laer. And ſo I have a no
A ſiſter driven into deſpera
Whoſe worth, if praiſes ma
Stood challenger on moun
For her perfections: but n
King. Breake not your
That we are made of ſtuffe
That we can let our beards
And thinke it paſtime: yo
I lov'd your father, and we
And that I hope will teac
Enter a Meſ
Meſſ. Theſe to your M
King. From *Hamlet*
Meſſ. Sailers my Lor
They were given me by
Of him that brought the
King. Laertes you ſh
High and mighty, you
dome: to morrow ſhall
I ſhall (firſt asking you
my ſudden returne.
King. What ſhould
Or is it ſome abuſe, and
Laer. Know you the
King. 'Tis *Hamlets*
And in a poſt-ſcript her
Can you deviſe me?
Laer. I am loſt in it
It warmes the very ſic
That I live, and tell hi
Thus didſt thou.